

THE HEART OF A WOMAN!

In the "Confessions of a Wife," a real woman is going to, for the first time, disclose with absolute truthfulness, the long unlit galleries of a wife's emotion, hung with its secret joys, sorrows and memories!

"The Confessions of a Wife," the opening chapter of which will appear in this paper Monday, are real confessions. They are confessions which confess!

They are not the usual "confessions" which are written for commercial purposes—simply to cater to a craving for something "intimate."

They are, instead, the GENUINE heartaches and heart-joys set down, day after day, month after month, year after year, by a REAL WOMAN in her own diary from the night before her wedding until—now.

No one can doubt their truth after reading them. We ourselves were skeptical, when first this brilliant woman offered us her journal to publish, that they were a "fake," but the reading of them convinced us. Then we asked her why she sought a printing for them.

"To let the girls know what marriage REALLY is, once and for all!" she replied.

"There is a free masonry of silence which prevails regarding life and I want to puncture it with my pen! I want to let the light in!"

"Not that there are thrilling revelations to make—but there is a need to tell the world that marriage and romance are different institutions. And I can prove it by showing how I found it out—or by letting my diary expose that painful, tearful, ridiculous process."

Not that "Margaret Hastings" blames anyone else for her mistakes. She is too big, too fine, too truthful for that! She shoulders the blame that should be hers, but she distributes upon others their just apportionment.

She has had a way always of look-

ing life squarely in the face and—then asking it pointed questions!

Life has given her the answers!

You will find these set down so honestly and candidly in "The Confessions" that you will thrill with the power of their truth.

READ THEM!

IN MONDAY'S DAY BOOK!

"The Confessions of a Wife!"

The love-history of the human heart!

MEALS

By Berton Braley.

It may be, as the experts claim,

That we need little food to eat;

It may be true that it's a shame

To fill up full of bread and meat!

Perhaps a grain or two of wheat,

A spoon or two of raisins, dried,

Will make a ration rather neat,

But I like BULK in my inside!

I doubtless could sustain my frame

Without much vittles, sour or sweet;

Perhaps I gorge—but just the same,

When I at dinner take my seat,

My appetite I hate to cheat;

My hunger will not be denied;

Perhaps my blood 'twill overheat,

But I like BULK in my inside!

I know they say that food's to blame

For half the ills the doctors treat,

And that all cooks whate'er their fame

Should be escorted to the street—

Well, let the health food experts bleat;

I still enjoy potatoes, fried,

And steak, with mushrooms, all complete

For I like BULK in my inside.

Cook, here's the phrase that I repeat

And let who will my words deride,

Some folks may thrive on meals petite,

But I like BULK in my inside!

In Russia no photographer may practice his art without a license.